

Neverending Story ends

Big Cheese killed; you no longer have to suffer insipid drivel; read a book

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Asst. Entertainment Editor

Everything ends. If not for this, bridges would extend too far, too uselessly, and highways would pour into the ocean and swim underwater. People would grow too old to walk, eat, and sleep. Puppies would decay in the street.

So I end this tale. But not before revealing its key. Not before I put it to rest by resting it through itself—wait—you'll see.

We begin with a character many of you may not remember. In the genesis episode, Big Cheese (rest his soul) recalls his old boss at the meadowlands. Little known is the fact that the neverending story was completely inside that man's mind. Kind of a Bobby Ewing dream-thing.

Mortimer. Mortimer lost all his teeth when he was sixteen to a degenerative enamel disease. Too cool for dentures, he opted for silver teeth, thinking it would give him stature like Jaws from the Bond movies. It made him look stupid. His red hair was actually curly, but he pasted it straight to his skull every morning with water and a brush. Mortimer looked like a tall, skinny, red-headed can opener.

Mortimer weathered it well. He became successful in the garbage industry, and soon after high school he owned seven hills in the meadowlands. He was glad. Very glad. So glad he shined his silver teeth each night before he went to bed, grinning like a maniac in his bathroom mirror.

But Mortimer began to have problems. Maybe it was methane from the dump, maybe there was lead in his teeth. Whatever the case, after the previous episode ran its course through his mind, he found that the story was going nowhere, and only going to get

worse and out of control. Metaphor?

Mortimer, actually, hadn't slept for weeks, which was the chief reason for these stories. At first the lack of sleep was okay, because of the stories. Now he needed sleep at all costs. The stories would only become twisted, diluted, and sanded over with maddening visions hallucinated through insomnia.

He would walk the sidewalks around his Hoboken house, pondering his sleeplessness with the tenacity of a Connecticut tick. The early morning light crept in between the small buildings, and with it came the cold morning air. Autumn was creeping closer. Mortimer fell in love with the sound of his own lonely footsteps.

A Thursday night was born. Mortimer took to the streets once more, creating the frame of the newest installment of the neverending story. He figured he was close to the end. The streetlights were hazy; his vision was getting worse as he lost sleep. He met hardly anyone. Some bodies twisted indoors as he walked by, but other than that Mortimer saw only cats and cop cars.

Three figures crossed the street toward him.

Mortimer walked on, moving his tongue across the smooth silver of his teeth. Tonight the sidewalk felt like a giant tongue, and he the words rolling off it. The three figures drew closer.

They moved behind him. One was small, frail, and walked with red chapped legs inside soiled trousers. The other was a huge man, smelling slightly of cheese, garbage, and cologne. The third figure's skin was made of clay and small weed sprouts. He carried a baby-sized, yellow slug in his arms.

Their presence felt like a woman's arms

around his neck. The three figures were tired, pained, and sleepless also. As if in perfect sync they jumped forward and surrounded Mortimer, screaming vowel sounds at him, and assaulted his cowering body until the sun rose upon the city and sent them back into the cracks and holes of the street.

Mortimer lay there for a while, concentrating on the cracks and close-up features of the brown sidewalk. He rolled over on his stomach and did a push-up to raise himself to his feet. Today would be like any other Friday, he knew, but the night would be altogether different. Somehow, the story was about split of fuse, and which he did not know.

Sleep was something that fell through the deep blue sheets on his bed. He was dark-eyed, his joints ached, and he often found himself standing naked on his apartment floor in the ingrown hours of the evening. His quick dreams woke him up; his nightmares weren't of dying, but of seeing. He wished his dreams would be long again, he wished he was a preserved ice-age man and his dreams would take a day to pass.

The final time arrived; the evening when he tried to exorcise himself, the death of the neverending story. Night floated over the roof like an unsaid word, and Mortimer's joints cracked as he walked to his bed in the dark. He lay on his stomach for a difficult hour, and felt as if a baby wearing barbed wire gloves was crawling across his back. Soon he was falling into the blue sheets, the depths of his bed, the water of sleep.

Mortimer swirled disembodied within the thick fluffy tissue of his mind. And like all things organic and sprouting, a winter comes and the ground receives bodies once again. Reader, completely forget this story. It never existed.

Distractions

Galleries

Art Show: "The Jewels in the Lotus: Art and Culture of Tibet." 12:30 p.m.-4 p.m. Korn Gallery Through Nov. 9

Special Events

Discover ASIA Weekend:
Free bus into New York City
Sat.: Bus to Chinatown
11 a.m.-7 p.m.
Sun.: Depavali Festival
12 p.m.-9 p.m.
Fireworks and dancing
South Street Seaport
Buses provided by ASIA
Sign-up at U.C. Desk

Fun Flicks:

Interactive video to favorite songs
U.C. 107
Oct. 30, 4 p.m.-10 p.m.

Folklore at the Great Swamp:

Games, legends, Lenape medicines and mystery will make your afternoon as Jack Rushing presents "Folklore and Medicines of the Great Swamp."
Oct. 27, 2 p.m.

Movies

The Hard Way

U.C. 107
Oct. 25-27, 6 & 8 p.m.

Now at Headquarters 10 AMC:

Little Man Tate
Other People's Money
The Super
Curly Sue
Shattered
The Fisher King
Paradise
Frankie and Johnny
The Butcher's Wife
Ricochet
Cool As Ice
Call (201) 292-0606 for times

Madison Triplex:

Call (201) 377-2388 for times

The Other End

Fri. 9 p.m.-2 a.m.
Howie & the Rain
Sat. 9 p.m.-2 a.m.
Tabula Rasa
Sun. 8 p.m.-2 a.m.
Quiet Study Night with Live New Age Music by Andrew Durkin

Li'l Box of Poetry

(It's Romantic Week:
oooooooooooooh!)

In the wrath of Khubla Khan;
Did grass grow green in pith?
For chambered nautili
Avec (that's French for 'with').

Scrambled bloody single egg,
(c'est une autre chose)
Je mets-il dans un bol
Et donc, j'ai la plague.

Alas, thou is pretty nifty.
Jump and suffer; whistle Griffith.

Look yonder (over there!)
It's a pumpkin parachute
Atop crumbling potted plants.
We watch the florist paint sick air.

Beware: Those who have not found
Self in backyard, transcended Doogie.
I'm you. You sound. Round mound
We're all basset hounds.

The Other End

Coffeehouse/Cabaret

FRIDAY

Howie & The Rain
Acoustic

SATURDAY

Tabula Rasa
Campus Band

SUNDAY

Quiet Study Night
with live New Age Music
by Andrew Durkin

Sitterly House Basement (x3747 or x5328)

Friday 9 p.m.-2 a.m.

Saturday 9 p.m.-2 a.m.

Sunday 8 p.m.-1 a.m.

WMNJ

88.9 FM

These are the most requested bands on Drew's student operated radio station.

1. R.E.M.
2. Ululators
3. Jane's Addiction
4. Replacements
5. Red Hot Chili Peppers
6. Nirvana
7. Fishbone
8. Indigo Girls
9. Depeche Mode
10. Living Colour

Top Ten is determined on a one vote per band per show basis influenced by your requests. Call WMNJ at x5021 to make requests.